TUCKETT. BINDER. BRITISH MUSEUM

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou diſputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *vnum cita* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clow. And I had but one pennie in the world, thou ſhould'ſt haue it to buy Gingerbread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maſter, thou halfe pennie purſe of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of diſcretion. O And the heauens were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my baſtard; what a ioyfull father wouldſt thou make mee? Goe to, thou haſt it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends as they ſay.

Peda. Oh I ſmell falſe Latine, *dunghel*, for *vnguem*.

Brag. *Artſ-man præambulat*, we will be ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charge-houſe on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your ſweete pleaſure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *ſans queſtion*.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the Princeſſe at her Pauillion, in the *poſteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Ped. The *Poſterior* of the day, moſt generous ſir, is liable, congruent, and meaſureable for the afternoon: the word is well culd, choſe ſweet, and apt I doe aſſure ſir, I doe aſſure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe aſſure you very good friend: for what is inward betweene vs, let it paſſe. I doe beſeech thee remẽber thy curteſie. I beſeech thee apparrell thy head: and among other importunate & moſt ſerious deſigns, & of great import indeed too: but let that paſſe, for I muſt tell thee it will pleaſe his Grace (by the world) ſometime to leane vpon my poore ſhoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my muſtachio: but ſweete heart let that paſſe. By the world I recount no fable, ſome certaine ſpeciall honours it pleaſeth his greatneſſe to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of trauell, that hath ſeene the world: but let that paſſe; the very all of all is: but ſweet heart I doe implore ſecrecie

ſecrecie, that the King would haue mee preſent the Princeſſe (ſweet chucke) with ſome delightfull oſtentation, or ſhow or page ant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, vnderſtanding that the Curate and your ſweet ſelfe are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the end to craue your aſſiſtance.

Peda. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the nine Worthies. Sir, *Holofernes*, as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the poſterior of this day, to be rendred by our aſſiſtants the Kings command: and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princeſſe: I ſay none ſo fit as to preſent the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthie enough to preſent them?

Peda. *Ioſua*, your ſelfe: my ſelfe, and this Gallant gentleman *Iudas Maccabeus*; this Swaine (becauſe of his great limme or ioynt) ſhall paſſe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon ſir error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumb, he is not ſo big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? he ſhall preſent *Hercules* in minoritie: his *enter* and *exit* ſhall be ſtrangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpoſe.

Pag. An excellent deuice: ſo if any of the audience hiſſe, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou cruſheſt the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the reſt of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my ſelfe.

Pag. Thrice worthie Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing.

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique, I beſeech you follow.

Ped. *Via* good-man *Dull*, thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor vnderſtood none neither ſir.

Ped. Alone, we will imploy thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or ſo: or I will play on the Tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hey.

Ped.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.21) Octavo